THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1282.

Original Poetry.

WE LIVE TOO LONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

We live too long, when flowery grow old
And wither on the stem,
And we look on with keen cold
And never weep for them.
When friend's misfortunes woe no more
The sympathy they train,
When kindness drops the wings it wore,
And friendship is a name.

We live too long when friends we loved
Are past unheeded by,
When we can hear a voice unmoved
Whose tone once wet the eye
When we forget how summer rose
Let other skies of old,
And shut the old familiar nose
From out our bosom's fold.

We live too long when wrinkle is here
Heaped up in wasting toil;
Until we grudge the very tear,
And all our sympathies recoil
When e'en dance the poor and weak
The trembling beggar stands,
And shows the tale he cannot speak,
And goes with empty hands.

We live too long when one warm spring
That trickled down the past,
And soothed life with its murmuring—
Dries up at once and last.
We live too long when one kind thought
Our father God has given,
Has left us with the hopes it brought
The farther off from Heaven.

"THE BLUE-EYED GIRL AT HOME."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I wish that I were now a young again,
As thirty years ago;
My heart beat lightly, then, and now
Can'd see her "Blossy Joe."

Then o'er the hills and thro' the wood,
With dog and gun, I'd roam,
Excited with the sport, forgot
"The blue eyed girl at home."

At eve—the sun and game had by—
I still look hilds and gay;
Found gentle Mary blue eyed charms
Than to hunting all the day

Oh! then upon the smooth, green sward,
When I complete home I'd be there,
I'd sing and dance right merrily,
With "the blue-eyed girl" at home.

Or—would you like a darling bride,
In sweetest accents tell
Our cherish'd vow and hope, then sigh
A sad the sweet, "farewell."

At length the blissful day came round—
The day I vow'd to roam—
That crown'd my fondest hopes and call'd
"The blue-eyed girl" my own.

Oh! would that we were young again—
Then and thy "Bonny Joe"—
We'd dance and sing so merrily,
As thirty years ago. R. J.

Original Tales.

SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY F. F. E. AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C. &C.

CHAPTER I.

A pleasant test of January this, faith!" exclaimed young Lee, as he made tight the canvass tent that alone protected him and his comrades from the bitter wind and flinty snow that was falling fast upon our army encamped at Morristown in the winter of 1780. "Here, Keeler, give us a part of your blanket, for I am well nigh frozen. There, thank you. Secure take the wind, how it blows! No matter, we are all tight now, and so good night, Mary, and I hope you will not dream of redcoats. Excited with the sport, forgot "the blue eyed girl at home"

At eve—the sun and game had by—
I still look hilds and gay;
Found gentle Mary blue eyed charms
Than to hunting all the day

"Oh! then upon the smooth, green sward,
When I complete home I'd be there,
I'd sing and dance right merrily,
With "the blue-eyed girl" at home.

Or—would you like a darling bride,
In sweetest accents tell
Our cherish'd vow and hope, then sigh
A sad the sweet, "farewell."

At length the blissful day came round—
The day I vow'd to roam—
That crown'd my fondest hopes and call'd
"The blue-eyed girl" my own.

Oh! would that we were young again—
Then and thy "Bonny Joe"—
We'd dance and sing so merrily,
As thirty years ago. R. J.

Original Tales.

SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY F. F. E. AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C. &C.

CHAPTER I.

A pleasant test of January this, faith!" exclaimed young Lee, as he made tight the canvass tent that alone protected him and his comrades from the bitter wind and flinty snow that was falling fast upon our army encamped at Morristown in the winter of 1780. "Here, Keeler, give us a part of your blanket, for I am well nigh frozen. There, thank you. Secure take the wind, how it blows! No matter, we are all tight now, and so good night, Mary. I hope you will not dream of redcoats, but of the sweet, contented the young man gaily.

"Keep quiet, will you, Lee," grumbled Keeler. "If the wind would let a man sleep, you wouldn't. What fun you can find in this infernal storm, passes my comprehension."

"Where's the use in grumbling?" asked the other. "A man may as well laugh as swear, which is the only alternative I see, in such circumstances as these."

Laugh!" repeated the other, bitterly. "Yes, laugh if you can, and starve, for the month that finds enjoyment in the midst of starvation and misery."

"I am over and go to sleep, Keeler," replied Lee, good humouredly. "I would rather hear you snore than growl. Let's see—the last time I closed my eyes, the young man was just falling into a sleep, when the spirit ear, trained by the vicissitudes and frequent alarms of a camp, caught the sound of unusual shouting, which roused both officers at once. Lee exclaimed, "what the deuce is that?"

"Hush!" answered Keeler. "Listen."

A repeated shout was followed in an instant by some one's endeavoring to enter the tent and calling out at the same time.

"For God's sake let us in

"Why, that's Mary, he partly raised the curtain of the marquee, "Cravel in, can't you? Why, what in the matter?" he asked, as two or three officers crept in the hole, and knelt, in a state almost of exhaustion from their battle with the elements, a pleasant night, certainly, to pay visits in," continued Lee. "What in the name of common sense brings you out?"

"What brings us out!" repeated one of the officers interrogated. "The very best reason in the world—because we could not stay in. Our marquee has been blown away, and the security of a house, so many of them without doors and all half clad, in such a bitter winter, I feel as if humanity could not endure it much longer."

"I don't think of it, man," said Lee, carelessly. "That is just Lee," said Keeler, sarcastically. He thinks that what I call comfortable, your eyes to the hardships around us, and they cease to exist."

"I think," said Lee, in the same earnest tone, "that if we dwell upon difficulties and sufferings that seem almost insurmountable and unbearable, we lose that confidence and spirit which is alone the great stay of the army. No, no," he added, with earnestness, "I think only of the English and of Washington, of our enemies and our chief, and cold must that man be whose spirit is not nerved, and coward, reserved by hatred was the one, as devotion to the other. No, too—Congress may neglect, our country forget us, but we never can abandon the cause we have espoused or the great and gallant man who devotes every energy and feeling to our welfare and glory."

Thus the night passed in conversation, alternately touching the prospects of the country and public matters, enlivened occasionally by more personal anecdotes, for the closeness of the quarters forbade all sleep until morning dawned and the storm seemed to have abated.

The snow was then found to be from four to six feet deep, and the roads so blocked that all hope of receiving additional supplies was precluded. What our army suffered then, can scarce be realized now, when the full and abundant stores which were then meanly to their noble exertions and heroic patience.

In consequence of the severe privations they experienced, the men became so enfeebled, that they were almost unable to perform their military duties. Desertion became frequent, and the ranks were to accommodate them for the winter, and so although they had entered winter quarters in December, it was not until the 14th of February that took possession of more habitable abodes.

"Now this is what I call comfortable" said Lee, with infinite satisfaction as he looked around him after he had stowed his baggage in the small, yet quite comfortable compass, we as to give all the space he could afford to himself and the two brother officers who occupied the only room of the small hut allotted to them. "Now I must confess a big fire and then we shall want nothing more. There!" continued he, after the exertion of considerable industry, "that is what I call comfortable" said he, looking around with great satisfaction, "now for our bowl of punch!"

"What!" exclaimed Keeler, who continued his roommate.

"Our punch," repeated Lee, deliberately. "The bowl of course is figurative—the can that serves as our chief cooking utensil must fulfil this new function to which it has not before been applied."

"The punch being so figurative as the bowl I conclude," said Keeler, dryly.

"We will see," continued Lee, as he drew triumphantly a small bottle of spirits from a recess, unloading at the same time his pockets of some more articles. "There are our necessaries—I've got a fresh supply of brown sugar, and you y-ou-well, I dare say, will not be afraid to undertake to furnish the hot water, Keeler"

"And where did you raise these?" exclaimed the astonished Keeler.

"Never you mind," said Lee, who had given more of his continental pay to the above named article than he chose to tell, and having counted out his beverage, the smoking can was just placed on the table, when an officer entered almost breathless with haste and alarm.

"Have you seen Mayhew?"

"No," they exclaimed, eagerly—Have they got back. What is the news?"

"Not of the best," answered the other, sorrowfully. "Col. Thompson fell in with a party of British, Hessians, and mounted refugees. The force was deep, which obstructed their march, so that Thompson resolved to defend the ground. I don't know the particulars," he continued, hurriedly, "but our people gave way. Poor Roberts was fatally wounded, and several officers taken prisoners. Mayhew was pursued by two Hessians. The snow," he says, "was up to his hips. Of course they gained upon him, and so that he was on the point of yielding, asked if they would give him quarter. Yes you dog, we'll quarter you, was the brutal reply. Mayhew now resolved to sell his life dearly, and in despair, turned and fired at the first horseman, who exclaimed—the rascal has broken my leg!—when they both rode off, leaving Mayhew to escape.

The story was listened to with a silence only broken by the deep breathing of the indignant sufferers.

"Are such a soldiery to be dreaded!" said Lee, turning to Keeler. "Thank God their own brutality defeats them, and keeps alive the feeling that might indolently, and so ruin our cause by dint of our own people. Drink!" he said, filling the glasses that stood on the table. "To the memory of Roberts, who, like the rescue of Thompson, and the toast was drank with a deep and bitter feeling that was the last pledge of its fulfillment.

CHAPTER II.

The first of January that opened with such favorable prospects to the American camp, bore a very different aspect in New York, then ruled by Sir George Clinton, who with a brilliant and well equipped army, deemed victory the sure result of the first onset of their arms. The gaiety of the city was at its height.

The officers are going to open the New Year with a ball," said Hester Stanhope to her sister Mary.

"Are they?" returned her sister, quietly.

"It is to be a magnificent affair," continued Hester. "They have taken, the room at St. George's and the officers generally are to be invited by the nation. Bread and salt and meat—why when you talk to these you merely recall facts. But punch I know what it is—and I mean to enjoy them again. Lee?"

"Pray my word," said Lee, laughing, "such a question as that is enough to make a man desert. Here, Keeler, hand me that can. Let's have some coffee. I'll creep out to the sentry box."

"Nonsense, man," replied Keeler, "the fire is out long ago. There was no keeping it up in such a storm as that, with no wood. Why, the very logs that were up, that we might take possession, or the army will perish."

"Have my supplies come in to-day," inquired Hartford.

"No," replied Lockwood, "the Commissary General feels it almost impossible to get produce of any kind. This paper currency is depreciating so rapidly that the people almost refuse to have any thing to do with it."

"It's the same currency that pays the army," said Keeler, bitterly—"I think it might end there. Here we are surrounded by abundance, yet starving. A genteel country," he added, grinding his teeth, "to hazard lives and fortunes for."

"Hush, hush, Keeler," said Lee, "if such language is heard in marquees, what can we expect from the soldiers. Poor devils, there they lie like sheep, half buried in the snow, with a single blanket and some straw. Their fortitude is entirely owing to the admirable discipline that they are in battle.

"Heaven help the country!" said Lockwood, "I sometimes almost despair of the result, when I think of the destitution of the army, for days together without meat, and the constant scarcity of bread, so many of them without shoes and all half clad, in such a bitter winter, I feel as if human nature can endure no more, and no longer."

"Don't think of it, man," said Lee, earnestly. "That is just Lee," said Keeler, sarcastically. He thinks that what I call comfortable, your eyes to the hardships around us, and they cease to exist."

"I think," said Lee, in the same earnest tone, "that if we dwell upon difficulties and sufferings that seem almost insurmountable and unbearable, we lose that confidence and spirit which is alone the great stay of the army. No, no," he added, with earnestness, "I think only of the English and of Washington, of our enemies and our chief, and cold must that man be whose spirit is not nerved, and coward, reserved by hatred was the one, as devotion to the other. No, too—Congress may neglect, our country forget us, but we never can abandon the cause we have espoused or the great and gallant man who devotes every energy and feeling to our welfare and glory."

Thus the night passed in conversation, alternately touching the prospects of the country and public matters, enlivened occasionally by more personal anecdotes, for the closeness of the quarters forbade all sleep until morning dawned and the storm seemed to have abated.

The snow was then found to be from four to six feet deep, and the roads so blocked that all hope of receiving additional supplies was precluded. What our army suffered then, can scarce be realized now, when the full and abundant stores which were then meanly to their noble exertions and heroic patience.

In consequence of the severe privations they experienced, the men became so enfeebled, that they were almost unable to perform their military duties. Desertion became frequent, and the ranks were to accommodate them for the winter, and so although they had entered winter quarters in December, it was not until the 14th of February that took possession of more habitable abodes.

"Now this is what I call comfortable" said Lee, with infinite satisfaction as he looked around him after he had stowed his baggage in the small, yet quite comfortable compass, we as to give all the space he could afford to himself and the two brother officers who occupied the only room of the small hut allotted to them. "Now I must confess a big fire and then we shall want nothing more. There!" continued he, after the exertion of considerable industry, "that is what I call comfortable" said he, looking around with great satisfaction, "now for our bowl of punch!"

"What!" exclaimed Keeler, who continued his roommate.

"Our punch," repeated Lee, deliberately. "The bowl of course is figurative—the can that serves as our chief cooking utensil must fulfil this new function to which it has not before been applied."

"The punch being so figurative as the bowl I conclude," said Keeler, dryly.

Mary was sorry for her sister's disappointment, though pained and mortified at the source from which it sprang, and so instead of arguing with her on the subject, she set her talk on keeping her feelings would soon exhaust themselves in words.

"A good many officers visit at Selwyn's, I believe," she said.

"Oh, yes," continued Hetty, glad of the smallest encouragement to dwell on the topic that filled all her head, and as much of a heart as she had to be filled by anything. "They do lead the pleasantest lives, those Selwyns. Some of the officers are staying there every day. The room seemed full yesterday. They are a splendid-looking set of men. Such uniforms! and always in full dress, booted and spurred—and so agreeable. Ellen says. Not like an article—dined for forty dollars a pound, or three shillings a-piece. And this is the trash which is rendered to require us for our sacrifices, sufferings and privations, while in the service of our country. Tis but a sordid alliance even for the common purposes in camp, but for those of us who have families at home. They ask me for bread and I give them a stone." His voice choked and he turned away.

We pass over the rest of this melancholy summer, spent for the most part in attempting little more than to watch the movements of the enemy by the northern army, who stupid, and lower, played, discovered at various times a disposition to mutiny.

Parker at the South contributed to add to the disappointment of the North, and gloom overshadowed all the land from one extremity to the other, which was followed by the gratifying tremor of Arnold's bringing in his train an event that fixed the attention and called forth the sympathy, not only of the nation at large, but of Europe itself. But let us hurry by this the darkest and most painful passage in the annals of our war, closing as it did with the mutiny at Morristown, a revolt which in its causes calls up our deepest sympathies, and in its conduct our truest admiration, and yet which Duty, Friendship and Patriotism, alike compel us to condemn.

But the side of Fortune turned at last. Victory once more sat upon our banners, and the country rang again with the triumphant tidings that Cornwallis had surrendered. The sad enthusiasm of the people seemed now to know no bounds. "Twas even said that some were known to lose their reason in the supreme emotions occasioned by the news of this success, and an aged patriot in Philadelphia even expired in the fulness of joy on hearing the brilliant success of his country's arms.

Our friend Lee was one of those especially noticed for his gallant conduct in the report made by the Commander-in-chief to congress, when the latter, casting the events of the day. And animated were the congratulations and enthusiastic the reception bestowed upon him, as with his regiment he hastened to the North to gain their station at West Point, to which they were now ordered. But the measure of his pride, the fulness of his happiness was not complete, until he had seen the dark and earnest eyes of Mary Stanhope light up with such a rapture of proud and perfect joy as she received her hero lover, that he—felt it was love. And he was right.

Even Mrs. Stanhope caught the enthusiasm that pervaded the whole army, and deemed by the success and applause by the universal joy, consented as hostilities seemed to be drawing to a close, that their marriage should be the first that crowded to welcome Captain Lee, caused their bravery.

"Well, I declare this patriotism is a fine thing after all—particularly when it is successful," she added, laughing, as she turned to her new brother-in-law.

Lee answered in the same tone of good humored badinage and then said.

"There are great preparations to be made, Hetty, at the Point to celebrate the birth of the Young Dauphin of France, a compliment deemed due to the chevalier army that had contributed to crown our struggle with success. He is coming as well as a general order gives invitations to all the officers of the camp and the fleet. They are also request-ed to invite their friends. Will you go with us, Hetty?"

"Will I?" ejaculated Hetty with delight—and the expedition was quickly settled.

It was in truth a festival that drew a vast concourse of guests, attracted no less by the novelty of the occasion, the beauty and romance of the spot chosen for its celebration, than the distinguished character who might be expected to grace it with their presence.

A few weeks elapsed and Lee, with his wife and Hetty, joined his regiment now stationed at West Point, where all was in active preparation for the approaching fete.

A thousand men had been occupied for ten days past, under the superintendence of the French engineers, in erecting a temple of a rustic order that ascended at once with the romantic beauty and military character of the scene around.

It was not finished until the night thirty wide, supported by a colonnade of one hundred and eighteen pillars, formed from the trunks of trees. The roof was variegated with evergreens, with little gardens around them—and the countenances of the people spoke of intelligence and independence. There was the same air of peace and prosperity which had delighted us in the valleys of Upper Austria, and a look of freedom which those had not. The faces of a people are the best index to their condition—and I could read on their brows a lofty spirit—a noble consciousness of liberty justly enjoyed, which the Germans of the laboring class never show. It could not have been imagination, for the recent peace in Switzerland, and the many statements I had heard in Germany, had prejudiced me against the land, and these marks of prosperity and freedom were as surprising as they were delightful.

As we approached Zurich the scene of raptures. Amid fruit trees and farmers and factories, came to us like a familiar scene, reminding us of the land we had left behind. The situation of the city is lovely. It lies at the head of the lake, and on both sides of the little river Limmat, whose clear green waters carry the collected treasures of the Alps to the Rhine. Around the lake rise lofty green hills, which, sloping gently as it, bear on their sides hundreds of pleasant country-houses and farms, and the snowy Alpine range extends along the northern sky. The Limmat is spanned by a number of bridges, and its swift waters turn many mills which are built above them. From these bridges one can look out over the blue lake and down the thronged streets of the city on each side, which, perhaps, never has been surpassed. The polished and bustling cleanness of that rustic hallroom, when lighted for the evening dance, presented a light from which a regard with that brilliant effect so dazzling, we had almost said startling, which is alone produced by the striking contrast of those fanciful instruments of War and Death when converted by the time, to ornaments of festivity and pleasure.

The signal for renewed gaiety, was again the discharge of thirteen cannon, which was instantly followed by a few more throughout the lines of the army stationed on the surrounding mountains, which being these times repeated, was caught up and re-echoed from the hills from which thousands of firearms flashed until the thunder and lightning of Heaven seemed almost to have come down upon the festive scene on earth. Then the whole army broke forth in maddening cheers, and shouts of acclamation and benediction, for the Dauphin resounded from assembled ranks around.

Perhaps a more impressive scene can scarcely be conceived, than that beautiful place, on which were collected the principal men to whom the country looked with gratitude and pride, surrounded by that splendid and magnificent armament with a victorious army—and all assembled to do honor to the gallant and chivalrous nation who had yielded us aid in our darkest hour.

My eyes are dazzled and my senses fairly ache," said Hetty. "Certainly neither my nerves nor my feet were made for the sublime. When will it be the dancing commence? Oh! there's the band—and good Heavens! look; General Washington is leading out Mrs Knox! Shall we not wait upon him to announce that stately dance, Lee?" she said, turning playfully to her brother-in-law.

"Hush! hush, Hetty," he replied hastily, shocked that his lively sister should have dared, in her merriment, to sport with the name of one he so revered, "he is near you."

"Gracious! where?" exclaimed Hetty, actually running pale. "He did not hear me, did he?" and then recovering her breath, she said, "How you frightened me. I thought I was to be court-martialled before the officers."

"You almost deserve it," said Lee, smiling. "Come let me introduce you to him."

"No, indeed," cried Hetty, drawing back in evident alarm—he has spoken to me once, and I thought I should have died."

"Why, what did he say to you," inquired Lee with interest.

"I hardly know," replied Hetty: "I believe though, he only asked me if I was fond of dancing, but if I had suddenly found myself put on oath, before the commander-in-chief, I could not have been more terrified."

"This from you, Hetty," returned her brother-in-law, reproachfully, "you who have been so accustomed not only to warlike commanders, but to gifted warriors! Do you turn pale in the presence of the commander-in-chief?"

"Ah!" she replied, with a very serious look, "I do not pretend to courage. Those men look so magnificent unbiased, and were striking persons. But General Washington stands alone. I don't know what it is that renders him so awful." And as saying, Hetty turned to speak to a young officer who approached, and the next minute was in the dance, one of the gayest as the fairest of the brilliant throng; which, bear it ye fashionables of the present day and hours, having commenced at seven broke up at eleven o'clock.

And now the war drawing to a close, and peace soon after being proclaimed, we must take a farewell of our young friends, whose portraits, in all the dignity of Young and Queen, remind us gravely that we have dared to touch upon the theme of our Sires of sixty years since.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

WALK TO ZURICH—REPUBLICAN INFLUENCES—BEAUTIFUL LAKE SCENERY—RAPPERSCHWYL—UFNAU—FREILIGRATH, THE BANISHED POET

Rapperschwyl, August 14, 1845.

I finally wrote from "the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and they deserve the epithet, for a fairer lake the world can hardly produce. Even had it been otherwise, the walk to Zurich would not make a lovelier paradise to dwell in, than this gem on the bosom of Switzerland.

It was a delightful morning in July, in mist and rain, and walked for some time along the north bank of the Rhine. The country was covered with the richest verdure, and the road bordered with little gardens around them—and the countenances of the people spoke of intelligence and independence. There was the same air of peace and prosperity which had delighted us in the valleys of Upper Austria, and a look of freedom which those had not. The faces of a people are the best index to their condition—and I could read on their brows a lofty spirit—a noble consciousness of liberty justly enjoyed, which the Germans of the laboring class never show. It could not have been imagination, for the recent peace in Switzerland, and the many statements I had heard in Germany, had prejudiced me against the land, and these marks of prosperity and freedom were as surprising as they were delightful.

As we approached Zurich the scene of raptures. Amid fruit trees and farmers and factories, came to us like a familiar scene, reminding us of the land we had left behind. The situation of the city is lovely. It lies at the head of the lake, and on both sides of the little river Limmat, whose clear green waters carry the collected treasures of the Alps to the Rhine. Around the lake rise lofty green hills, which, sloping gently as it, bear on their sides hundreds of pleasant country-houses and farms, and the snowy Alpine range extends along the northern sky. The Limmat is spanned by a number of bridges, and its swift waters turn many mills which are built above them. From these bridges one can look out over the blue lake and down the thronged streets of the city on each side, whose height, graceful house remind him of Italy. At present, the greatest charm of Zurich is its unrivalled situation, though if the citizens continue a little longer the present destructive and public-school system, as they have within a few years, it will soon lose the attraction of various and picturesque costume.

The principal edifices are the Cathedral, a stately old building in the Byzantine style and the Government House, built on the bank of the Limmat, near the centre of the city. It is in a simple and massive style—the lower windows are adorned with a series of busts in which Roman emperors and Swiss patriots are mingled indiscriminately. I was glad to find that the ancient enthusiasm for Tell and the three men of Grutli had not diminished, for often sees their portraits painted on the walls of houses and on inn signs, sometimes having portraits of their deeds hung up through the rooms.

Zurich can boast of four promenades than any other city in Switzerland. The old battlements have been planted with trees and transformed into pleasant walks, which being elevated above the city, command views of its beautiful environs. A favorite place of resort is the Lindenhof, and above had court-yard, shaded by immense trees. The fountain in the centre, which was always surrounded by washerwomen, and in the morning groups of merry school-children may be seen tumbling about the grass, while their mothers chat there as a body for exercise and recreation. I could not help remarking a difference in the Swiss children; they are beautiful, bright-eyed creatures, and there is scarcely one who does not exhibit the dawning of an active, energetic spirit. It may be partly attributed to the fresh, healthy climate of Switzerland, but I am partial enough to republican to believe that the influence of the Government under which they live has also had its share in producing the effect.

There is a handsome promenade on an elevated bastion which overlooks the lake and town. I was enjoying the fresh morning breeze and listening to the stir of the streets below me, as were also many groups of the social and interesting politicians of the people. Those who passed by, on their walk around the ramparts seemed on almost with the familiarity of an acquaintance. Even in some parts of the city itself they spoke to us in passing. Simple as was the act, it was very pleasant to us, it had the sense ing, at least, of a friendly interest, and took away entirely that feeling of loneliness which one so often experiences in a foreign land. This is the only city I have yet seen, in which this custom is carried to such an extent.

We left Zurich yesterday afternoon, to walk to Stafa, where we had been told the post Freiligrath resided. The road led along the bank of a lake, and we looked back often to the romantic town that lay so beautifully at its head. The craggy Uetliberg rose behind it, and all was as still and calm as if we could have crowded in close weather, with a fine wave of the Alps. Both shores sloped gently up from the water, and were covered with gardens and farm houses, which, with the bolder mountains that rose behind them, made a combination of the lovely and picturesque, that the eye seemed unable to rest upon with delight. The sweetest cottages were embowered among the orchards, and the whole country bloom. I don't know what it is that renders him so awful." And as saying, Hetty turned to speak to a young officer who approached, and the next minute was in the dance, one of the gayest as the fairest of the brilliant throng; which, bear it ye fashionables of the present day and hours, having commenced at seven broke up at eleven o'clock.

And now the war drawing to a close, and peace soon after being proclaimed, we must take a farewell of our young friends, whose portraits, in all the dignity of Young and Queen, remind us gravely that we have dared to touch upon the theme of our Sires of sixty years since.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

WALK TO ZURICH—REPUBLICAN INFLUENCES—BEAUTIFUL LAKE SCENERY—RAPPERSCHWYL—UFNAU—FREILIGRATH, THE BANISHED POET

Rapperschwyl, August 14, 1845.

I finally wrote from "the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and they deserve the epithet, for a fairer lake the world can hardly produce. Even had it been otherwise, the walk to Zurich would not make a lovelier paradise to dwell in, than this gem on the bosom of Switzerland.

It was a delightful morning in July, in mist and rain, and walked for some time along the north bank of the Rhine. The country was covered with the richest verdure, and the road bordered with little gardens around them—and the countenances of the people spoke of intelligence and independence. There was the same air of peace and prosperity which had delighted us in the valleys of Upper Austria, and a look of freedom which those had not. The faces of a people are the best index to their condition—and I could read on their brows a lofty spirit—a noble consciousness of liberty justly enjoyed, which the Germans of the laboring class never show. It could not have been imagination, for the recent peace in Switzerland, and the many statements I had heard in Germany, had prejudiced me against the land, and these marks of prosperity and freedom were as surprising as they were delightful.

As we approached Zurich the scene of raptures. Amid fruit trees and farmers and factories, came to us like a familiar scene, reminding us of the land we had left behind. The situation of the city is lovely. It lies at the head of the lake, and on both sides of the little river Limmat, whose clear green waters carry the collected treasures of the Alps to the Rhine. Around the lake rise lofty green hills, which, sloping gently as it, bear on their sides hundreds of pleasant country-houses and farms, and the snowy Alpine range extends along the northern sky. The Limmat is spanned by a number of bridges, and its swift waters turn many mills which are built above them. From these bridges one can look out over the blue lake and down the thronged streets of the city on each side,

Domestic Happiness.

MR. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING HOW CAUDLE HAD BROUGHT HOME A NEW FOUNDLING HOME, DESCRIBING WHAT "THE POOR ANIMAL CAN'T ABIDE" AND "THE EXPENSE."

"Oh, no! I know what the objection is, Mrs. Caudle. If isn't that the poor faithful animal will lick to the butcher's bill—not a bit of it. No. it is much because the creature is fond of me, that you object to it. The only because of its love for my misfortunes—and it's well I can get somebody about the house that does love me—that you make an excuse of the expense. You can keep your canary birds—that's rattling away all day like a whistle in hyster-ics—and that's never enough! as of the expense of that. You can keep your half a dozen gold fish too, and do I ever murmur what they cost? I thought not. And yet what's a living house a dog—a four fellow as high as the table—instead of admiring the noble animal, as any other wife would do, you begin to find fault with it! will eat! But that's like you, Mrs. Caudle that's the rock we've always split upon. You never had any sympathy—not an atom. Your marriage ought to melt two hearts into one piece. Ours—I'm sorry to say it—have only been locked together. There were, indeed, a woman—her, scarlet darling—by—why should I name her?

"I repeat it, if you thought of me as you ought, you'd be delighted with the animal. A true wife would love even a crocodile or a boa constrictor, if her husband brought it home. But my wife's like no other woman—never was. I've don't object to the dog if I chose to say! I think, Mrs. Caudle, you ought to know me sufficiently by this time. No, madam, liberty—and I'm quite glad the female intellect to understand its beautiful sense—liberty I have, and liberty I wouldn't deny even to a dog. The poor beast shall have the run of the house all day, and—noble fellow—sleep at my bed room door at night. I'll have somebody near me that loves me—I in determined!

"What are you whimpering about? The beast has been useful, too! Perhaps he may, and what if he does? Cats are plenty enough, I suppose. I'm sure there's more in my house than catch mice; I don't want a dog for that. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to ask. When I ask her, if I like! And yet I talk of liberty. To me! I have no liberty. Of course not! I could have had my life that that fool will read long ago! I could have sworn it!

"How was it to be paid? You ask that! Why, with money, of course. But I never give you the money. Nonsense! You've enough to think to mind. Mrs. Caudle. I must have given you the money, of course, I must. Else where can all the money go, for I'm sure I don't get it? Ah, if you are not the most outrageous, perplexing woman! When did I give it, indeed! As if, with what I give you on account, I can exactly remember the day, and the hour, and the place when I gave out the money for that bill! I, who am accusing giving you money for bills. Do you think I'm a calculating machine, Mrs. Caudle—to remember every thing, and to have no heart and darkness to meet it? I do—and that's enough for any reasonable man—till I know it, I must have given you the money. The money I must have given you for the bill. Of course I must! If you spoke the truth. And then, again, you must always be scratching your poor eye be one me! And only because I just speak about a dog! Oh! common sense! Common sense! Where is something else—some new groans, perhaps—and forget it.

"However, Mrs. Caudle, it's not worth quarrelling about—certainly not. Besides, I hate quarrelling. However, this I have to say; as I'm convinced that I have given you the money for the bill once, I'm not going to pay it a second time. You must save it out of something else. What are you to save out of? Why, I'm sure I need not country reel—but I don't pay twice.

CHAPTER IX

SHOWING HOW MR. CAUDLE CONSENTED TO MRS. CAUDLE'S RENAME PURCHASE A PIANOFORTE FOR A MAYOR.

When a husband comes home to what he expects to be a comfortable house, it is a kindness for a lady annoying for him—to break his shins over a heap of portmanteaus in the hall, and have his toes crushed with a water-cask stopped More or the other, with all her boarding-school stock in trade. Mrs. Caudle—what! You only you'd never done! Mrs. Caudle! You only insisted for one month! Humph! Then she'll stay three, of course, they always do.

Nine breakfasts I shall have now—for the 11 not always stop in her own room, she won't always be tired of travelling. Nine breakfasts I'm doomed to! What! How will the days and hour run? Oh, in the smallest well possible—I know. She'll always be reading the play-house advertisements in the paper,

From the Magazines.

CATHARINE SETTON.

BY S. M. SIDNEY.

In his hall at Allenbarford—
Time'lore as the legend brings—
When the shelter of midnight fell,
Sir the mighty wassail ring!
Duth and weird the shadows lie
On the golden tracery there;
Suddenly a voiceless train
Enters on the haunted air.

Yet they come, with ghostly forms,
Answering to the wizard spell,
Monarch in coat of mail,
Courtier from her stifled cell,
Pallmey but with proiate's blood,
Judith's sweet forgiving mood,
Richard in his suit of black,
Duch Mellent's domineering shade.

Remembered, as on the morn
When he rode to meet his foe,
And the pitying maids supplied
All his pride and all his woe!
Amy! pure, deluded wife,
When she flew to meet her lord,
Clare'dence with the blood of mine
Reeking on his horrid sword!

Mary, unfathomably queen,
Not with laughing eye and eyes,
But as on the sovereing morn
When they left her town to die!
Catharine, too, her friend, is there,
She of Berynn's lovely line,
Earnest converter of them all,
Faith of earth, and hall divine!

Not in kirtle, nor in sword,
Comes the laughing Plantenet maid,
But in velvet cap and cloak,
Like a pastry page arrayed
Thus lonely Abbotsford—
Time'lore as the legend brings—
When the shelter of midnight fell,
Sin the mighty wizard king!

Graham's Magazine.

Choice Tale.

MABEL;
Or, The Days of Chivalry.

The sun had scarcely topped the high grounds which enclosed the valley of Glenslach, when its whole community, like some disturbed swarm of bees in strange commotion from the bottom of the tower, whither the kinsmen had repaired to hold some private conference while the morning meal was served in the hall below. It was well that this isolated place had been chosen for the interview; and feelings he would not have betrayed in presence to any but a favorite kinsman here were freely vented, while Hugh Maxwell recognged his heritage hall to his complete ruin. Not a word escaped the proud knight's lips, but silently he wrung the herdsmen's hand, looked on with a nothing eye which, but a brief month before, would have kindled at a call to arms, then whispered in the bridegroom's ear—

"Hugh, when I neglect the trust thou hast confided to me, may dishonor sit upon my crest and Heaven reject the accused!"

The last and most was now over, the secret parting of two young hearts, whose dream of bliss had been almost too exquisite for mortals to imagine, and the dispersion of which had caused the prolonged cast attendant on human mutability, when the bowl of joy, sparkling at the laughing lip, is dashed from the drinker's grasp, by the withering touch of once-parted misfortune, this may be fancied but not uttered. The herdsmen were in the saddle. Ralph Maxwell's pennon was flaunting in the wind, and so powerful a brown charger as ever bore a full armed knight upon its active field, pawed the earth impatiently. Why dallens the lingering rider, while every face beside responded to a proud mettle with which a long but easy ride would be alacrity? Is that gallant house when their royal master had called them to his aid? Could wan! little knower them the lower feels when summoned to bridle-war such a bride, too, as Mabel Foster. The knight of Cartaverock groaned well the source that were passing in the trustee-true charity to end it. "Sound the bugle, Hobert!" he said to an attendant; and, ere the bugle note was answered by the sound of the wild Dark Hugh was in the saddle. The riders silently remarked that their chief's visor was down, the wound to march rather broken through the close top and helmet; for were the truth known, a moistened cheek was hidden beneath the steel head-piece of the herdsmen.

As slowly as the gallant horsemen passed through the winding strath, many a glistening eye was turned on the loved tower for the last time. Two female forms were seen upon the battlens which overlooked the valley; one was the deserted bride, the other Hugh Maxwell's mother. In silent agony poor Mabel's tear-drained eye followed the receding figure of her handsome lord, and a wild burst of lamentation marked her sorrow when a huge rock shut the riders from her view. Well might the fair bride grieve!

"Long may that lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant true
Come wearing-ie back."

Oft from that battlens the aged dame who stood on Mabel's side had viewed the last return of those who rode at the command of her departed lord; reason merely down the strath when "bound for the border" and when their son's followers—what the spot where the crag projected its rock most from the hill-side she counted the horseman defile; nay, as fits after his deep conquest behind it.

By Saint Andrew, a noble troop!" she murmured, "thousand-twenty stalwart riders! Ha! would they were more or less in number than one? Ha! make